NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE'S NEW NOVEL. DRED: A TALL OF THE GREET DISEASE SWISSE. By Hear REST BYGORE STONE: Two S. 17100 . pp. 129, 570. Box hear Philips. Surpress & Co.

After the unparalleled success of Uncle Tom's Cabin, it was a courageous decision of the writer to attempt another novel devoted to the illustration of the social and domestic influences of Slavery But she has necomplished her task in a manner that affords a fresh proof of the power of her genius, and which will confirm her position as a delineator of character scarcely surpassed for naturalness and brilliancy by any writer in the language. The scene is crowded with personages, each exhibiting a peculiar and strongly-marked individuality. The dramatic interest of the story is sustained by a succession of animated dialogue, while the descriptive pertions show the truth and harmony of coloring which leaves no doubt on the reader's mind that they are the faithful pictures of life. There is no monotony in the narrative, as is usually the case in works of fiction inspired by a moral speciality. Without encumbering the movement of the story, the variety of character is so great as to present an ever-changing panerama, affording a wide field for the development of strongly-contrasted passions.

The opening of the first scene presents but a faint hint of the subsequent revelations of the plot. It commences abruptly with the appearance of Nina, a young, light-hearted, frivolous Southern maiden, who has just "finished her education" at a fashionable New-York boarding-school, and, left an orphan at an early age, finds herself in possession of an old ancestral plantation in North Carolina. She relates an account of her extravagances and flirtations while in New-York to a confidential servant, who, for his intelligence and probity, was intrusted by her father with the stewardship of the estate, and who, in fact her half-brother without her knowledge, had become her humble friend and prudential adviser. Her autobiographical disclosures give us a vivid impression of the sparkling surface of her

"Bills, Harry?—Yes.—Dear me, where are they?

There!—No. Here?—O. book!—What do you think
of this scarf? Is n't it lovely?

"Yes, M.s. Nian, benutitel—but—"

O, those bills!—Yes—well, here goes—here—perhips in this box. No—that s-ray opera-hat. By the
by, what do you think of that? Is n't that banch of
giver whent lovely? Stop a bit—you shall see it on

And, with these words, the slight little figure sorang And, with these words, the significant lighter spring appear if their wings, and, humaning a waitzing une, skimmed across the room to a book up glass, and placed the jainty little cap on the gay bit. A field, and then, farning a percent on one too, said. "There now!"

"There now!" Ah, Harry! ah, mankind generally!
the wisest of you have been made tools of by just
such dancing, gluttering, flattering little assertment of
curls, pendants, streamers, eyes, checks, and dim-

The little figure, scarce the hight of the Veaus rounded as that of an infant was shown to advantage by a cognetish meraing-dires of built mustin, which fluttered open in front to display the embroidered skirt and trim little mouse of a slopper. The face was one of those provoking ones which set criticism at defiance. The bair, waving curing, dancing hither and thither, secred to have a wild laughing grace of its own the brown eves twinkled like the pendants of a chandelier, the little, wicked ness, which bore the facilities appared curve, seemed to assert its right to do so, with a surey freedom; and the pendants of multiplied brilliants that twinkled in her cars, and the nodding weath of silver wheat that set of her opera-had, see med alive with mischief and motion.

"Well, what do you think " said a lively, impera-The little figure, scarce the hight of the Venus,

"Well, what do you think?" said a lively, impera-live voice,—just the kind of voice that you might have expected from the figure.

The young main to whom this question, was address-ed was a will-head.

ed was a well-dressed, gentlemently person of about thirty-five, with dark complexion and hair, and deep full blue eyes. There was something marked and peculiar in the square, high forchead, and the inde-benned features, which indented inlent and ability, and the blue eyes had a depth and strength of color and the bine cycs had a depth and strength of color that might cause them at first glance to appear black. The face, with its strongly marked expression of hon-city and sense, had about it many care-worn and thoughtfurines. He looked at the little defiant fay for a moment with an air of the most entire deference red admigation; then a heavy shadow crossed his face and he answered, abstractedly. "Yes, Miss Nina, d be unswered, abstractedly, "Yes, Miss Nina crything you wear becomes prefty—and that is per

chaining,
said, now, Harry? I thought you would think
low see, it's my own idea. You ought to have
what a thing it was when I first saw it in Macanches wouldow. There was a great hotshocking
anches wouldow. and two or three hound bows. I be them out in a twinkling, and got this wheat in-which shakes so, you know. It's perfectly lovely!-Well, do you believe, the very night I wore it to the opera I

Engaged, Miss Nina?" gaged, Miss Nun? gaged! Yes, to be sure! Why not? seems to me that s a very serious thing, Mis

Serious! -ha' ha' ha'' said the little beauty, sent ing herself on one arm of the sofa, and shaking the glutering hat back from her eyes. "Well, I fancy if was—to him, at least. I made hum serious, I can tell Non? But, is this true, Miss. Nina? Are you really en-

gaged." Yes, to be sure I am—to three gentlemen, and going to stay so till Pfinit which I like best. May be, you know, I shau't like any of them.

"Engaged to three gentlemen, Miss Nina."

"To be sure!—Can't you understand Laglish, Harry? I am now—thet.

"Miss Nina, is that right."

"Right!—why not? I don't know which to take—I positively don't, so I took them all on trad, you know."

Pray, Miss Ninn, tell us who they are,

"Pray, Miss Nion, tell us who they are,
"Well, there's Mr. Carson, the starach old bachsher-horridly politic one of those little, holding men,
that always have such shiny dickies and collars, and
such bright boots, and such tight straps. And he's
rich-and perfectly wild about me. He wouldn't take
no for an answer, you know so I just said yes to have
a little quiet. Besides, he is very convenient about
the opera and concerts, and such things.

Well, and the next

the opera and concerts, and such things.

"Well, and the next!"

"Well the next is George Emmons. He's one of your pink-and-white men, you know, who look like cream-candy, as if they were good to cat. He's a law-yer, of a good family—thought a good deal of, and all that. Well really they say he has talents—I'm no judge. I know he always here—me to death: asking me if I have read the or that—marking places in books that I never read. He's your septimental sort—writes the most romanda notes on mak name; and all that the most romanta notes on pask paper, and all that

"Well, you see I don't like him a hit-I m sure I don't. He sa hateful creature! He isn't handsomethe's proud as Luciter, and I'm sure I don't know how he got me to be engaged. It was a kind of an accident. He's real good, though—too good for me, that a fact. But, then, I'm afraid of him a little."

And his name.

he got in dent. He's real good, then, a fact. But then, I'm afraid of him a little.

And his name is Clayton—Mr. Edward Clayton, at your service. He's one of your high-and-inighty people—with such deepset ever—yes that look as if they were in a cave—and such black hair! And his eyes have a desperate sort of sail look, somehines—quite Byronic. He's tall, and rather loose-fointed—has beautiful teeth, his mouth, too, is—well when he amentines if really is juite fascanating—and a form other gentlemen! He's smiles, sometimes it really is that fascinating and then he's so different from other gentlement. He's kind—but he don't care how he dresses, and we'ars the most horrid shoes. And then he isn't polite—he won't most horrid shoes. And then, he isn't polite—he won't jump, you know, to pick up your thread or seisors and sometimes he li get into a brown study, and let you stand ten minutes be fore he thinks to give you a chair, and all such provening things. He isn't a bit of a lady's man. Well, consequence is as my lord won't court the girls, the girls all court my lord—that's the way, you know, and they seem to think it's such a feather in their cap to get attention from him—herenise, you know, he's berrid sensible. So, you'se, that just set me out to see what I could do with him. Well, you see I wouldn't court him; and I plagued. Well, you see, I wouldn't court him, and I plagued him, and laughed at him, and spited him, and got him gloriously wroth, and he said some spiteful things about me, and then I said some more about him, and we had a real up-and-down quarrel, and then I took a penitent turn, you know, and just went gracefully pentent turn, you know, and just with gracinal down into the valley of humiliation, as we witches can; and it took wonderfully—brought my lord on to his knees before he knew what he was doing. Well, really, I don't know what was the matter just then, but he spoke so earnest and strong that actually he get me to crying—hateful creatur!—and I promised all sorts of things, you know—said altorether more than will you know-said altogether more than will

And are you corresponding with all these lovers,

Miss Xina "
Yes with it fun". Their lotters, you know, can't speak. It they could, when they come rustling together in the larg, would ut there be a mass "
" Miss Xina, I think you have given your heart to

this last cor.

On nonsense, Harry! Have n't got any heart!—
don't ca• two pins for any of them! All I want is to
have a good time. As to love, and all that, I don't
helieve I could love any of them, I should be tired to
death of any of them in six weeks. I never liked

anything that long.

Mis Nim, you must excuse me, but I want to ask
ment, is it right to tribe with the teelings of gentlemen.

Why not? Isn't all fair in war? Don't they friffe with us girls, every chance they get—und sit up so pempons in their rooms, and smoke rights, and task as over, as if they only had to put out their nager and say. Come here, to get any of us? I tied you it's tun to bring them down!—Now, there's that horrid tun to bring them down—Now, there and make the George Emmons—I fell you, if he did it flirt all winter with Mary Stephens, and get syerbody to laughing about her!—it was so evident, you see, that she liked him—she could it the p-showing it, poor little thing!—and then my lord would settle his collar, and say he had in the my lord would settle his collar, and say he had in the my lord would settle his collar. then my lord would settle his color, and say he had not quite ninde up his mind to take her, and all that. Well, I haven't made up my mind to take him, either—and opoor Euma is avenged. As to the old bach—that smooth-slicky tunn—you see, he can't be hart, for his heart is rubbed as smooth and hard as his dicky, with falling in love and out again. He's been turned off by three girls, now; and his slices squeak as brisk as ever, and he spine has been supported by the color of the col

But Nina is fitted for a higher role than that of the rattle-he, ded coquette; and, under the influence of Clayton, who soon became the real if not the acknowledged master of her heart, her nature expands and deepens, until she presents a type of the noblest as well as the loveliest form of womanhood. The transition in her character from the exuberant, reckless gayety of the young girl, to the matured conviction and moral strength of an experience beyond her years, is managed with consummate skill, and forms one of the most admirable points in the story. Nina disappears from the scene at an early period, but her influence pervales the whole narrative, leaving a train of sweet and tender memories that have all the reality of the first and an interval and the sound of the constant of the story. There's no use in sending, "said Nina, "he is allowed to death, and can't come. Besides, there's no the institute with me, only I am a little tined and code. Shut the doors and windows, and cover me up. No. no. don't take me up stairs! I like to lie here just put a shawl over me, that's all. I am thirsty—give me some water." the matured conviction and moral strength of an life. The frightful epidemic which, within the last twenty-five years, has spared no portion of the country, broke out with terrible virulence on the plantation. Nina became a ministering angel to the sufferers, but was doomed herself to fall a victim to the pestilence. We copy the description of the closing scene.

The mails in the State of North Carolina, like the are many many ments in the Slave States generally, were very little to be depended upon; and therefore a week had clapsed rater the maling of Nima's first letter, describing the danger of her condition before it was received by Clayton. During that time the fury of the shock which had struck the plantation appeared to have abouted and white on some estates in the to have abated; and, while on some estates in the vicinity it was yet on the increase, the inhabitants of Canema began to hope that the awird cloud was departing from them. It was true that many were still alling, but there were no new cases, and the disease n the case of those who were ill appeared to be yield-

ing to nursing and remedies.

Nun had risen in the morning early, as her custom had been since the sickness, and gone the rounds to inquire for the health of her people. Returned, a little fadgued, she was sitting in the veranda, under the Note had risen in the sickness, and gone and been since the sickness, and gone inquire for the health of her people. Returned, a neter the shadow of one of the pillar-roses, enjoying the cool freshness at the morning. Sundauly the transpoor of freshness at the morning. Sundauly the transpoor of freshness at the morning, Sundauly the transpoor of freshness at the morning. Sundauly the transpoor of freshness in the accumentation of the pillar-roses, enjoying the cool freshness at the morning ap the accumentation of the freshness and distress of dissolving nature, to make the winds, and he was up the steps, holding her in the restlessness and distress of dissolving nature, to make the winds, and he was up the steps, holding her in the restlessness and distress of dissolving nature, to make the winds and over again, the verse of the song which she was singing when the blow of the missen destroyer first struck her.

The Sammer that it heavy cloud.

his name.

"O, you are here yet, my rose, my bride, my lamb!
God is mere itn!! This is too much! O, I thought you
were gone!

"No, dear, not yet," said Nina. "God has been
with us. We have lost a great many; but God has
speed my to you."

Yes, ever since yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. I have ridden down iour borses to get to you. Only think, I didn't get your letter till a week after it was duted."

"Well, perhaps that was the best," said Nina: "because I have heard them say tent maybedy coming suddenly and unprepared in the epidemic, when it is in tall force, is almost sure to be taken by it immediately. But you must let me take care of you. Do n't atery. But you must let me take care of you. Do n't you know that I in mistress of the fortress here—communication to the fortress here—communication of the fortress here—communication of the policy of the property of the

Come let me lead you off, like a emptive. The lead you off, like a emptive. The lead you off, like a emptive. The leads of from the pressure of overwhelming fear, Clayton began now to feel the reaction of the boddy and mental straining which he had been embring for the last twenty-four hours, and therefore he willingly yielded himself to the directions of his litle sovereign. Retried to his room, after taking his ceffer, which was served by Milly, he foll into a deep and tranquil sleep, which lasted till some time in the afternoon. At first, overeigne by failing, he slept without dreaming, but, when the first womeness was past, the excitement of the forevoir-system, under which he had been laboring began to color his dreams with vague and tunnations images. He thought that he was again with Nina at Magnolia Grove, and that the servants were passing around in procession, throwing flowers at their feet, but the wreath of orange-blossems which fell in Nim's lap was field with black crape. But she took it up, laughing, threw the throwing flowers at their feet. Our line wream of or-ange-blossems which full in Nian's lap was tied with black crape. But she took it up, laughing, threw the crape away, and put the wreath on her head, and he heard the chorus singing.

One North Carolina rose!

One North Carolina rose!

And then the sound seemed to change to one of lamentation, and the floral procession seemed to be a funeral, and a deep, melancholy voice. Like the one be had heard in the woods in the morning, sang.

"Weep, for the rose is withered! The North Carolina rose."

He struggled heavily in his sleep, and, at last walling, sat up and looked about him. The rays of the evening sun were sharing on the tree-tops of the distant avenue, and Nina was singing on the veranna below. He listened, and the sound fleated up like a rose-leaf carried

on a breeze:

"The summer bath its heavy cloud, The rose leaf must fall.

But in our bonne by wears no shroud—
Never doth it pall?

Fish how mortung ray
Leaves no sigh for yesterday—

Wend we recall."

The tune was a favorite melody, which has found much favor with the popular ear, and here the title of "The Hindoo Dancing-Girl's Song," and is, perhaps, a fragment of one of those mystical songs in which oriental literature abounds, in which the joy and remine of earthly love are told in shadowy, symbolic resemblance to the everinsting union of the biessed above. It had a wild, dreamy, soothing power, as the first rear come floating in, like white doves verse after verse came floating in, like white doves from paradise, as if they had borne healing on their Wings

"Then haste to the happy land,

A low tap at his door at last roused him. The door A low hap at his door at last roused him. The door was partly opened, and a little hand threw in a half-opened stray of monthly rosebuds.

"There's something to remind you that you are yet in the body" said a voice in the entry. "If you are rested, I il let you come down, now.

And Clayton heard the light footsteps tripping down the stairs. He roused himself, and after some little attention to his tolet, appeared on the veranda.

"Tea has been waiting for a sine time, said Nina," I thought I digive you a hint."

through me, and filling me, as the light does clouds."

I ne she stood looking up into the sky, she began to be and heard before:

"I am come from the happy land,
Where werene is making the large track of the respect to the large track of the large track of

ng again the words that Clayton had heard be for

The Summer has its boars cheid,

She stepped her singing suddenly, left the veranda, and went into the house.

Do you want shything "said Clayton.

Nothing," said she, hurriedly. "The back in a mement.

menerat."

Clayton watched, and saw her go to a closet in which the medicines and cordials were kept, and take something from a glass. He gave a start of alarm, "You are not ill, are you!" he said, fearfully, as she returned.
O, not only a little faint. We have become

protent, you know, that if we feel the least beginning y disagreeable sensation, we take something at I have tell this taintness quite often. It isn't of say di Chyton put his arm around her, and looked at her

with a vague yearning of tear and admiration, "You look so like a spirit," he said, "that I must

Do you think I've got a pair of hidden wings !" said, smaling, and booking gavly in his face, I am atract so! he said. Do you feel quite well.

new!"

Yes, I believe so. Only, perhaps, we had better sit down. I think, perhaps, it is the reaction of so much excitenent unders me feel rather tired."
Chayten scated her on the settee by the door, still keeping his arm anxionally around her. In a few moments she decoped her head wearily on his shoulder.
You are of he said, in tones of glatta.
"No, no! I feel very well—only a little faint and fired. It seems to me it is getting a little cold here, isn't it has said, with a slight shaver.
Clayton took her up in his arms, without speaking, carried her in and had her on the sofa, then rang for Harry and Milly.

The fearful and mysterious disease, which was then in the ascersiant, has many forms of approach and de-yelogment. One, and the most deadly, is that which velopment. One, and the first density, is that which takes place when a person has so long and gradually inhibited the fittel person of an infected atmosphere, that the resisting powers of nature have been insulously and quietly subdined so that the subject sinks under it, without any violent outward symptom, by a quiet and certain yielding of the vital powers, such as has been likefield to the bleeding to death by internal would. In this case, before an hoar had passed, though none of the violent and directive sing symptoms of the discusse tone and it became evident that the scale of the disease appeared, it became evident that the scal of death was set on that fur young bow. A messenger had been dispatched, riding with the desperate speed which leve and fear can give, but Harry remainer in

Nothing is the matter with me-nothing is the matter, she said, "except fategue, and this charge in the weather. If I only had more over me land, per-haps, you had better give me a little brands, or some such thing. This is water, isn't it, that you have

here giving me?"

Alas! a was the strongest brandy, but there was no taste, and the hartshorn that they were helding had no smell. And there was no change in the weather, it was only the cropping dealness, affecting the whole outer and limer nombrane of the system. Yet will her voice tenamed clear, though her mind o casionally windred.

with us. We have lost a great many; but God has spared me to you.

"Are you really well?" said Clayton, holding her off, and looking at her. "You look pale, little rose!"

"That's not wonderful," said Nua; "I've had a great deal to make me look pale, but I am very well. I have been well through it all—mever in better headin—and, it seems strange to say it, but never happier. I have left so peaceful, so since of God's love!"

"Do you know," said Clayton, "that that peace alams me—that strange, mearthly happiers? It seems so like what is given to dying people.

"No," said Nina, "I think that when we have no one but our Father to learn on, he comes nearry than he does any other time; and that is the secret of this happiness. But, come, you look wedaily tired, have you not. Several out it pale."

"Yes, ever since vesterday merning at 9 o'cleek, I have any of us done, who have sait helding in our arms a dear form, from which the soul was passing—in sould be wonth have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul for which girdly we would have given our less of the soul was passing—the agone of the case of the soul for the distance of the soul was passing—the agone of the case of the soul for the case of the soul was passing—the agone of the case of the soul was passing—the agone of the case of the soul for the distance of the soul was passing—the soul was passing—the agone of the case of the soul was passing—the agone of the case of the soul for the distance of the soul was passing—the agone of the soul was a soul for the

Chylen-whal dad he? What could he do? What have any of us done, who have sat holding in our nems a dear form, from which the soul was passing—the soul for which gladly we would have given our own in exchange? When we have fill it good, with inconsciously repetity from us; and we ignorant and blad, vanily striving with this and that, to arrest the maximum and that have strained in the large strained and the stra ineviable doe in feeling every moment that some other thang might be done to save, which is not done, and that that which we are doing may be only limit using the course of the destroyer! O, those nivial, agonized noticits, when we waich the clock, and no physician comes, and every stroke of the pendulum is like the approaching step of death! O, is there anything in heaven or earth for the despair of such hours?

Not a moment was lost by the three around that dy-ing had, challing those cold limbs, administering the simulants which the dead, exhausted system no longer

She doesn't suffer! Thank God, at any rate, for ' said Chyton, as he knelt over her in an-The 1

that? said Unyton, as he kned over her at all guish.

A be autiful such pessed over her face, as she opened her eves and looked on the malliand said:

"No, my paor marist. I dear suffer. I'm come to the land where they never suffer. I'm only so sorry for you! Edward, she said to him, "do you remember what you and to me once? It has come now. You must hear it like a man. God calls you to some work—don't sbrink from it. You are baptized with five. I'm It hasts only a hitle while. It will be over soon, very soon! Edward, take cure of my poor people. Teil Tem to be kind to them. My poor, faithful, good Herry! O' I'm going so fast!"

Harry! O! Im going so fast!"

The voice sink into a whispering sigh. Life new seemed to have retreated to the citatel of the brain. She lay apparently in the last sleep, when the footsteps of the doctor were beard on the vermina. There was a general spring to the door, and Dr. Bather entered, pale, laggard, and worh, from constant exertion and

He did not say in words that there was no hope, but his first dejected look said it but too plainly. She moved her head a little, like one who is asleep, uneasily upon her pillow, opened her eyes once me

Good-by! I will arise and go to my Father! The gentle breath gradually became fainter and fainter all hele was over! The night walked on with marmoring upon the leaves-within, all was still as

The story makes considerable progress before we are introduced to Dred, the half oriental, half Ethiopian, and wholly preternatural hero, or prophet, whose weird, mysterious presence haunts the scene, like the spectral visions of Nemesis in ancient tragedy. Dred was one of the band of fugitive slaves, who, stung to madness by oppres sion, had escaped to the wilds of the Great Dismal Swamp, sustaining a precarious existence by the chance supplies of the forest, and inspired with the hope of being made the instruments of divine retribution on their tyrannous task-masters. He was the son of a free-colored man in the City of Charlesten, who had conceived the project of achieving independence for the blacks, in imitation of the fathers of the American Revolution. His mother was a Mandingo Slave-woman, belonging to one of the finest of the African tribes, distinguished for intelligence, beauty of form, and an indomitable pride and energy of nature. His name, according to a not unusual custom among the slaves, denoted a person of great physical force. He early learned to read, as it were by instinct, and would often astonish those around him with "Thought I d give you a hint."
It was I wing to waiting for some time, said Nina.
It was I wing you sing, said Clayton. "You may sing me that song again.
Was I said Nina. "Why I didn't know it I believe that's my way of thinking, sometimes. I'll sing to you again, after too. I like to sing.
After tea they were sitting again in the veranda, and the whole is average were one tooy flash of finity clouds.
I'll soil to whom I we have the some sevented. The son was not suspected to being engaged in the plot, but, like all who had any of the whole is average were one tooy flash of finity clouds.
I'll soil to whom I we had discovered in books. At the father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confidant of his father, who age he became the confident the local so fire! The voice of the Lord the voice of the Lord the wide the codars of Lebanon! The voice of the Lord the wide the codars of Lebanon! The voice of the Lord the wide the codars of the whole the codars of Lebanon! The voice of the Lord the wide the codars of Lebanon! The voice of the Lord the local the codars of Lebanon! The voice of the Lord the Lord the local the codars of the Lord the wide the codars of the Lord the local the codars of the Lord the local the local the local the local the what he had discovered in books. At ten years of

annextion with the leaders, was sold from State. He had witnessed the undatated aspecwith which his father and the other conspiral is met their fate, and the memory dropped into the depths of his soul, as a stone drops into the dopths of a dark and desolate mountain lake. Sold to a distant plantation, he became noted for his desperate disposition. He was an object of dread among the overseers-one of those of whom they gladly rid themselves- and, like a fractious horse, was sold from master to master.

Finally, an overseer, more hardy than the rest, letermined to subdue him; in the struggle that ensued, Dred struck him dead to the earth; made his scape to the swamps, and was never afterward heard of in civilized life. In these swamps, which helt nearly the whole eastern shore of the Southern States-covered with a rank and wild vegetationthe home of the alligator, the moccasin, and the rattlesnake, the desperate slave took up his abode, with no companion but the Bible of his father. To him, this was not the messenger of peace and goodwill, but the herald of wrath and wee, He read in its pages the deminciations of ancient prophets against oppression and injustice, He dwelt on its descriptions of kingdoms convulsed by plagues-of tempest, pestilence and locasts-of the sea eleft in twain that an army of slaves might pass through. He had heard of prophets and deliverers armed with supernatural powers, raised up for oppressed people-had pendered on the nail of Jack the goad of Shamgar, the pitcher and lump of Gideon-and thrilled with fierce joy as he read how Samson pulled down the pillars of the temple and whelmed his persecutors in the same grave with himself. The Bible had completely custamped itself on his impassioned nature, and gave a Hebraistic type to his whole being. In the following passage, Mrs. Stowe concentrates many of the most remarkable features of his strange life.

Our renders will perhaps feel an interest to turn back with us, and follow the singular wanderings of the mysterious personage, whose wild deminent as had so disturbed the minds of the worshipers at the

and-meeting. There is a twilight-ground, between the boundarie of the sane and insane, which the old Greeks an Romans regarded with a peculiar veneration. The presence and, as the mysterious secrets of the seally become visible in the night, so in these collipses the more material faculties, they held, there was o

n awakening of supernatural perceptions.

The bot and pesitive light of our modern materials on, which exhals from the growth of our existence every dewdrep, which searches out and dries every rivalet of romanes, which sends an inseparing beau into every read grafts of pactic possibility, withering the mass, and urning the dropping cuve to in dusty denothins sparit, so removedess, allows us no such the

suitable name to the strange and abnormal condition in which this singular being, of whom we are speak-ing, passed the most of his time. It was a state of exhibition and trance, which yet appeared not at all to impede the exercise of his ext-word and physical mentiles, but rather to give them a

times attends the more completely sleveloped phenoms can of seminan bulish.

In regard to his physical system there was also much that was pscaliar. Our readers acry imagine a human hely of the largest and keenest stallby, for grow ap so completely under the missing infinences of nature, that it may seem to be as perfectly as compact with them as a treet so that the rain, the windows the thander all these borres from which human beings generally sock stater, seem to below with its kind of followship, and to be familiar companious of existence.

Sugh was the case with Dred. So completely had be come into sympathy and componed with mixes, and with the charms of it which more particularly surrounded him in the swamps, that he nevert about ramong them with as more over as a large treath for Tankey carret. What would seem to us in recital to

Turkey carret. What would seem to us in recital to be assertable hardship, was to him but an ordinary condition of existence. To walk hiper-deep in the or creuch, like the alligator making reals and rushes were to him situations of a much comfort as well-cu-mined beds and pillows are to us.

It is not to be demod that there is in this savage per

ion of the natural organs a keen and almost in reg ght, which must excel the sortest scatterings of lux-Anybody who has over watered the eager zoof

bed of visious and supernatural communical African once are said by measurers to posse the first hard between the existence among them, to this day, of men and women who are supposed to have peculiar marked powers. The grand-father of Doed on his mother's side, had been one of these reputed African screeness and he had early discovered in the boy this peculiar species of temperament. He had taught him the secret of surface harmage, and had possessed his mind from chimical with expectations of prophric and supernatural impulses. That mysterious and singular gift, whatever it may be, which Highland seems denominate second sight, is a very common tradition among the negroes, and there me not wanting thousands of reputed instance among them to confirm belief in it. What this figuilty may be we shall not proton to say, Whether there be in the only a yet maceveloped attribute, which is to be to the nature what manery is to the past, or whether in some individuals an extensely high and perfect condition of the renearous organization endows them with some bring of that certainty of instinctive discrimination which belongs to animals, are things which we ion which belongs to animals, are things which we

shall not venture to decide upon.

It was, however, an absolute fact with regard to Dred, that he had often escaped danger by means of a peculiarity of this kind. He had been warned from articular pinces where the hunters had lain in wait or him; had to esseen in times of want where game sight be ensuared, and received intimations where ersets were to be found in whem he might safely conde, and his predictions with regard to persons and sings had often chanced to be so strikingly true, as to avest his sayings with a singular awe and importance

mong his associates.
It was a remarkable fact, but one not possible to this is alone, that the my-terious exaltation of mind in is individual seemed to run parallel with the current shrewd, practical sense; and, like a man who con verses alternately in two languages, he would speak now the language of exaltation, and now that of com-mon life, interchangeably. This peculiarity imparted a singular and grotesque effect to his whole person-ality

have already seen, in a state of the highest cestar. The winten murder of his associate seemed to fised his soul with an awful tide of emotion, as a thunders loss is filled and slaken by slow-gathering electrical.

And, although the distance from his refreat to I comperciously was ready fifteen tailes, most of through what seemed to be impassable swamps, yet performed it with as little consciousness of fatigue if he had been a spirit. Even had be been perceived at that form it is ready to the head of the first of the performed in the first of the performance has that form it is not been as point.

at that time, it is probable that he could no more have been taken, or bound, than the denomine of Gadara. After he parted from Harry, he pursued his way to the interior of the swamp, as was his usual high, te-penting to himself, in a chanting voice, such words of prophetic writ as were familiar to him. The day had been sultry, and it was now an hour or two perturbed when a thouler strong which had

we past midnight, when a thunder-storm, which had long been gathering and muttering in the distant sky.

began to develop its forces.

A low, shivering sigh crept through the woods, and swayed in weird whiletlings the tops of the pines, and sharp arrows of lightning came glatering down among the darkness of the branches, as it sent from the bout the darkness of the branches, as it sent from the bout the darkness of the branches. of some warlike angel. An army of heavy clouds swept in a moment across the moon: then came a bread dazzling, blinding sleet of flame, concentrating itself on the top of a tall pine near where Dred was standing, and in a moment shivered all its branches to the ground, as a child strips the leaves from a twig. Dred clapped his hands with a fierce delight, and, while the rain and wind were howling and hissing around him, he shouted aloud:

Wake, O arm of the Lept! Awake, put on thy

a shanted and exult The perception of scen awail power so med to an-acte him, and yet to existe in his soul an impatient at He whose power was so initiate did not awake to

licent the heavens, he cried, "and come down one the mracent blood! Cast forth thine arrows, slay them! Shoot out thy lightnurgs, and destroy

His soul occured to kindle with almost a fierce impasseure, at the teleration of that Almostry Benny Woo, laying the power to blast and to burn so silently entered. Could Dred have presented thought of those actinings, what would have shoot before him? But has erry like the cry of thousands only went up to clarify a waring till an architening day!

Continuely the storm massed by the big drops dashed be and loss framently a softer breeze passed through the torest, with a patter like the chapping of a thought the time of the mean occasionally booked over the divity battlements of Six great clauds.

As Dred was starting to go betward, one of these close revealings showed him the covering form of among croacled at the part of a tree, a few pares in most of thim. He was evidently a figurities, and, in fact, was the one of whose escape to the secanny the forcet in tracer had complained on the day of the meeting.

Who is here, at this time of night !" said Dred,

"Who is here, at this time of night?" said Dred, convey up to him.

I have lost my way, 'said the other. "I don't know where I am?"

A renawry?" inquired Dred.
I have 'betray me! said the other, apprehensively.
Betray you! Would I do that? said Dred. "How did you get into the swamp!"
I got away from a soul-driver's camp, that was taking us on though the States.

O. O! said Dred. "tamp-meeting and driver's camp right along-side of each other! Shepheels that soil the flock, and pick the bone." Well, come, old man. I'll take you home with me.

"I'm pretty ninch beat out, said the man, "It's been up over my knees every step; and I doln't know but they do set the dogs after me. If they do, I'll fot you kill me and done with it, for I'm beat ready to have it ever with. I got free once, and got clear up to New York, and got me a little bar of a hense, and a wife and two children, with a litle money befrechand, and than they nabbed me, and sent me back again, and mas is sold me to the drivers—and I believe 's bart is good's die. There's no ass in trying to live-everything going agin a body so!

"Die! No, indeed, you won t, said Dred." not if

everything going agin a body so!

Die! No, indeed, you won t, "said Dred." not if I've get bold of you! Take heart, man, take heart! Before morning I'll put you where the dogs can't had you, not anything clse. Come, up with you!

The man rose up, and made an effort to follow: but, wented, and anused as he was to the choked and perplexed way, he sumbled and tell almost every min ate.

How now, brother?" said Dred. "This won't do!! I must put you over my shoulder as I have many a back before now!" And, suiting the action to the word, he put the man on his back, and, building him hold last to him, went on, picking his way as if he senerely perceived his weight.

It was now be tween two and three o'clock, and the clones gradually depersing, allowed the full light of

clones, gradually despersing, allowed the full light of the moon to slide down here and there through the west and shivering tolinge. No sound was loard, save the humming of inserts and the grackling planges by which Dred made his way forward.

Von mus, he pretty strong?" said his companion.

Have you been in the swamps long?"

"Have you been in the swamps long?"

Yes, 'said the other, 'Have been a wild man—every man's hand against me—a companion of the dragons and the ewis, this many a year. Thave made my bed with the leviathan, among the reeds and the rushes. I have bound the alignators and the suckes better neighbors than Christians. They let those alone that let them alone; but Christians will hant for the procesus.

After about an hour of steady traveling, Dred as After about an hour of steady traveling. Divel arrived at the onisk its of the island which we have described. For about twenty paces before he reached it, he waded whist-sleep in water. Creeping out, at less trat telling the other one to follow him, he became carefully cours any along on his hands and kness, giving, at the same time, a long shrill, peculiar whiste. It was re-panded to by a similar sound, which seemed to proceed through the bushes. After a while, a cracking noise was heard, as of some animal, which gradually seemed to come as are and noncer to them, this mainly a large water-dog emerged from the underbrish, and belarge water-dog energed from the underbrush, and be-gua testitying his joy at the arrival of the new conter, the steatrayagnia gambols,

So, ho! Buck! quiet, my boy!" said Dred. "Show

us the way in."

The dog, as if understanding the words, immediately turned into the thicket, and bred and his companion to level him on their hursts and knees. The path would up and down the brushwood, through many sharp turnings, till at last it consed altogether, at the roots of a tree, and, while the dog disappeared among the brushwood Dred climbed the tree, and directed his companion to follow him, and, proceeding out on to one of the longest limbs, he sprang minbly on to

His wife was standing waiting for him, and threw "O, you've come back! I thought, sure enough, y'd got you'ds time!"

Not yet! I must continue till the opening of the sends—till the vision countri! Have ye buried him!"

No. there's a grave dag down yonder, and he's

been carried there.

"Come then" said Dred.

At a distant part of the clearing was a blasted codar-tree, all whose natural foliage had perished. But it was from head to foot in long wreaths o hadden, the parasitic moss of fless regions, and, in the dan light of the approaching nawn, might have formed accumpt resemblance to a gigantic spectre dressed in

this tree Dred had interred from time to time the bodies of fugitives which he found dead in the swamps, attacking to this disposition of them some peculiar superstitions idea.

The widow of the dend, the wide of Dred, and the

new comer, were now gathered around the shallow for the soil was such as scarcely gave room to inke a place deep enough for a grave without its be-

The dawn was just commencing a dim foreshadowing the sky. The moon and stars were still saming. Thed stood and looked up, and spoke in a solemu Seek him that maketh Arcturus and Orion-that turneth the shadow of death into morning. Behold these lights in the sky—the lights in his hands pierced for the sins of the world, and spread forth as on a cross! But the day shall come that he shall lay down the yoke, and he will bear the sin of the world no

plan met, and the hail shall sweep away the refuges of He stooped, and, litting the body, laid him in the grave, and at this moment the wife broke into a lone

nger. Then shall come the great judgment, iii lay right-oustess to the line and judgment to

ament.

"Hush, weman!" said Dred, ruising his hand.

"Weep've not for the dead, heither bewall him: but
weep've sore for the living! He must rest till the rest
of his bretheen be killed; for the vision is sealed up for of his brethren be killed, for the vision is scaled up for an appointed time. If it tarry, wait for it. It shall come, and shall not tarry

Beside the person who gives his name to the stery we have several specimens of negro character in which the writer displays her unrivaled powers of delineation with admirable effect. The inimitable Tiff has already been introduced to our readers: Tomtit is a masculine variety of the im-On the night of the camp-meeting, he was, as we mortal Topsy, with all her impish ways and a still mere considerable share of mother wit; Aunt Milly s a noble specimen of the best qualities of the native African, while Harry Gordon blends the commanding intellectual force of the Anglo-Saxon race with the affectionate disposition of the children of the South. The descriptions of nature in these volumes are singularly vigorous. No writer has given more impressive pictures of Caroliman scenery. The manners of the plantation are portrayed with a graphic power, which indicates the hand of the watchful observer. Several chapters are devoted to the ecclesiastical relations of Slavery, in which the position of a time-serving clergy is probed with unsparing severity. The resources of piercing satire and brilliant wit which Mrs. Stowe wields with such fatal energy, make it rather a serious amusement to fall within the scope of her indignant rebuke. In point of style, this work, like Uncle Tem's Cabin, is distinguished for its masculine, sinewy strength, rather than for its purity of diction, although it has frequent descriptive passages of exquisite beauty. The negro phraseology is managed skillfully, presenting rich specimens of

graphs. Thus in several cases, "on to" is used instead of "upon," but what" for "but" or "but that," "don't know as," for "don't know that," feel like it" for being inclined," and the inevitable formula " in this connection" we take as a matter of course from all writers within a hundred miles of Beston.

FIRES.

FIRE IS THE PIEST AVENUE.

At a late hour Friday night a fire was discovered in the cutry of the dwelling-house No. 411 First avenue, owned and occupied by Terrence small. Immediately on the discovery of the fire he occupants were aroused, when they made their scape by the roof and back windows. The flames were soon extinguished, only about \$20 damage being done to the building. There is no doubt hat the fire was the work of an incendiary. The floor at the foot of the first flight of stairs, where the ire originated, had the appearance of having been sprinkled with camphene. The building is insured for \$2,100 in the North River Insurance Company. No arrests have yet been made.

FIRE IN WEST SEVENTEESTH STREET. Yesterday merning, at 94 o'clock, a fire broke out in the defillery of John D Homergue, No. 140 West Seven seenth street. The fire originated in the wood-work round the still, and the flames in their progress upward melted the soldering on the pipe, when the spirits grated, and the fire was communicated to the building. The firemen were early on the ground, and soon subdued the flames. Damage about \$200; fully insured in the Republic and other Companies, the names of which we were must be to ascertain.

FIRE IN A CHURCH IN ONE HUNDRED AND PIFTE-SECOND STREET-MAN BURNED BY CAMPHENE.

On Friday night as George Ingles, a young man in he employ of J. W. Wood, florist, was filling a camphere lamp while lighted, in the Dutch Reformed Church in One Hundred and Fiffy-second street, the thaid ignited and was scattered over his clothes and about the floor. Ingles ran out of the church some fifty yards, in a blaze, when two policemen discovered his condition and extinguished the fire, not, however, until they had stripped off all his clothes. In the meantime the church edifice took fire; and before the firemen could subdue the flames, damage to the amount of \$150 or \$360 was sustained. The building is fully insured. Ingles was so severely burned that his recovery is doubtful.

FALSE ALARM. The alarm of fire in the Seventh District yesterday

proved to be false. TIRE IN AVENUE A.

Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out in a frame stable occupied by Frank Kubel, in the rear of No. 39 Avenue A, corner of Third street. Damage about \$25. PIRES IN BROOKLYN. An alarm of fire was caused in the First District

lustilles in a house at the foot of Adams street. Dam-A fire occurred in the house of Leander Shaw, corner of Hicks and Summit streets, on Friday night, caused by the leaking of a gas pipe. On entering the room with a lighted candle the fluid caught fire and did considerable damage to the furniture and drapery

esterday morning by the burning of some com-

efere it could be extinguished. The same night a fire broke out in the house of Asdrew Wilson, No. 112 East Warren street, caused by a defect in the chimney. Loss \$20. Insured.

CITY ITEMS.

FIGHT EETWEEN TWO CITY FATHERS .- Two of our ugust Conneilmen have again been disgracing themcives and their constituents by engaging in a brutal fight. The parties are Councilmen Edward C. McConnell of the Thirtcenth Ward, and one of the Fourth Ward Conneilmen, whose name was not ascertained. It appears that the two worthies had attended a political meeting in the Thirteenth Ward on Saturday night, and after the meeting closed adjourned with others to Cunningham's grocery, corner of Clinton and Guard streets. Here a dispute arese between the two, and a desperate fight ensued. The Fourth Ward Conneilman get the better of McConnell, and would have given him a severe drubbing had not his friends nterfered and beat and kicked him half to death. McCennell escaped with a few cuts and bruises and a damaged phiz, but his antagonist was taken to his esidence very severely injured. No complaint has as yet been made at any of the Police Courts, and conequently none of the parties have been arrested. as-ault upon a girl, committed some time ago in a house of ill-fame in Duane street, but whether he will ever be brought to trial is a question sometimes asked, but not easily answered.

Since writing the above the name of the unknown Councilman has been ascertained to be George P. Fickford.

THE POST-OFFICE .- A few days since a gentleman received notice that a note given to a party in a distant State had been sent to the Metropolitan Bank in this city for collection. Owing to absence he did not get the notice until the evening of August 14. The note was due the 16th. Before 7 o'clock in the morning of the 15th he deposited a letter inclosing a check to the Cashier of the Bank, in "Station D. of the U. S. Post-Office," near Thirteenth street, in Third avenue. That letter was not received at the Bank until the 18th; and in the mean time the note had been sent to Besten for protest; the expense of which the drawer had to pay, when the note was returned after the check was received. But that was not the worst of it -it was the first note ever protested with his name upon it, and he felt that his credit had received a shock, and all through the disgraceful blundering of the Post-

RESPENSE OF CHURCHES .- All of the churches in this city which were closed during the months of July and August were reopened yesterday, and the attendance, as a general thing, was good. Service was held in Grace Church, Broadway; Church of the Incarnaton, Twenty-eighth street; Presbyterian church in Madison square; First Freewill church in Sullivan treet; Presbyterian church in Fourth avenue; Brooklyn Hights Church, corner of Pierrepont street and Monroe place: Broome street Church, and others. During the hot months all of the large churches broughout the city have been renovated, and many of hem repainted.

A LUE TROBABLY LOST .- The general impression but all the passengers on board of the Knickerbecker were resented, seems likely to prove incorrect, for one of them, Mr. Robert Hardy of Albany, a speculator in egetables, who was known to be on board, has not een heard of since the disaster. A lad, a vender of exerges, stated that when he left the boat a number of men were asleep on the forward deck, and that be was among the last who abandoned her.

FORDRAM, WESTCHESTER CO.-Horace Greeley. E. L. Snow, W. T. B. Milliken, and R. H. Shannon, recently from Kansas, will address the friends of Fre ment and Dayton, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 9, at 71 o'clock, at the depot of the Harlem Railroad, Fordham. There will also be music and singing. A special train will leave Fordham for the city at 101 p. m., making the usual stops.

The body of Mr. Howard F. Snowden, printer, who had been missing for some days, was found on Friday in a road near Eighty-sixth street. There were no signs of violence, though the body had been robbed of a watch and part of the clothing. It is supposed that he died of apoplexy.

RESIDEATION.-The Rev. Dr. Hardenberg, paster of the Twenty-third street Reformed Dutch Church in this city, has resigned his charge, and his resignation